

# The Sumter Banner.

DEVOTED TO SOUTHERN RIGHTS, DEMOCRACY, NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

JAS. S. G. RICHARDSON, Editor.  
Wm. J. FRANCIS, Proprietor.

"God—and our Native Land."

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Rev. Frederick Russ, is a travelling Agent for this paper, and is authorized to receive subscriptions and receipt for the same.

## Miscellany.

### The Marriage Trade in France.

There are few perhaps of your readers who are aware that there are in this city a number of officers in which lone Benedicts, and fair dames in a state of single blessedness, may, for a "consideration," have themselves duly provided with partners for life; but few perhaps will believe that people of respectable positions in society, and even of rank, have recourse to these matrimonial agencies. Such, however, is the fact, and you will see it proved by the report of a case in the newspapers, in which M. Foy, the great marriage broker, is represented as having got judgment from a law suit against a dishonest client, for having negotiated the marriage of the niece of a marquis. The marriage broker, and this man Foy especially, is a well known name in the newspapers, and it is calling it as perfectly recognized by the authorities, and as generally accepted by the population, as that of an upholsterer, a coal dealer, a lawyer, or a physician. Does not this reveal a curious state of society? Fancy a man in want of a wife: "M. Foy, there's a guinea; I want to be married; the girl must be handsome, young, respectable, and have money." "My dear sir," says Foy, "you have just called in the nick of time; Baron Bingzo de Binko sent for me yesterday to marry his daughter. Go to her—there is the address—my fee's 200." The baron presents himself to the baron—states his business—describes his position—and is accepted. The baron then rings for his daughter: "My dear," says he, "this is Baron Bingzo de Binko, whose ancestors distinguished themselves in the Crusades, and having been ruined by the Revolution, their descendants took to making canals, in which they have amassed money. You will marry him, my dear." Very well, "oh" says the obedient damsel. "Oh joyful day!" cries the baron, and he kisses the tips of the young lady's fingers. "When shall the ceremony be?" says he. "Oh not too soon," replies the young lady, with a modest blush; "not before the day after to-morrow, decidedly!" "Be it so, idol of my heart!" cries the baron; and he hurries off to order dresses, prepare deeds, and bring the ring. And the day after to-morrow the thing is done. That, I say, is the way in which marriages are conducted; and I ask, can anything be more charmingly expeditious? No love making—no heart breaking—no weeping—no difficulties—everything as simple and as easy as the buying of a pair of gloves! Nor is it only the advertising, brother-like Foy and Co., who make it a business to negotiate marriages; in private society, also, there are a set of people, male and female, who devote themselves to the same branch of industry, not from any abstract enthusiasm for the marriage state, or desire to promote the happiness of the unwedded, but to put money in their purse. In fact, marriage in France, is a thing of mere barter and traffic, just as much as buying horses or trawls is in England. Even the marriages which are effected without the instrumentality of broker or a quasi-broker are so; money—convenience are the only things thought of on either side, and with such hot haste are weddings sometimes patched up, that it is a positive fact that bride and bridegroom at the altar scarcely know

each other. I myself am acquainted with a married lady, who swears that when she went to church on her wedding day, she knew so little of her destined husband, that if she had been directed to pick him out from half a dozen men, she could not have done so? Yet people there are, who are astonished that in France there is so much immorality in wedded life! They should rather be surprised that, with such an abominable system, morality is to be found at all.—Paris correspondent of the Britannia.

### Criticism on Jenny Lind's Singing.

The following discriminating criticism was written for the New York Day Book before the arrival of the Swedish Nightingale in this country. It is neatly pressed, not overstrained, yet not deficient in enthusiasm, and is evidently from the pen of one well versed in the science of music, and who can write understandingly upon the relative merits of the great vocalists of the age.

The result has verified this criticism, judging by the best of those who have read upon concerts already given. They coincide with the views here expressed as to the quality of voice, its tone, compass and capacities, of the great Queen of Song.

In the first place, then, Jenny Lind possesses the most remarkable throat (I speak of its inside lining only) ever created. There is scarcely any limit to her capacity for producing smooth and pleasant sounds, soft and silvery as the breathing of a flute, and uttered in defiance of all difficulties of interval or stretch of compass, with an ease and facility almost incredible. The thrilling of a lark or canary, the mellowness of the nightingale, the volubility of your own mockingbird, are all surpassed by the musical utterances of Jenny Lind. Now are her warblings, like the birds, devoid of expression and feeling. A certain kind of arch simplicity and homebred pathos are hers in an eminent degree. As to what is understood by vocal execution, in the mere mechanical sense of the phrase, Jenny Lind has never been surpassed in the history of modern music, and was equalled only by Persiani. Her compass is immense, running up with ease to F in *alt* and her organ is of remarkable evenness and equality through all its registers. Add to this that generally speaking, her intonation is faultless, and that her style of singing and embellishing betrays always good taste in the detail, though the general effect is often marred by over floridity, and you have the means of forming an impartial judgment of what Jenny Lind is.

What she is not, is soon said. She is not a vocalist of the modern Italian school; and neither her method, style nor voice at all answers the requisitions of that school—that school of which Giulia Grisi is the acknowledged head and interpreter, and whose masters and pupils alone of all the earth have carried vocal music to the point giving expression to high art. Of this school, the academics of Bologna and other cities of Italy, the stage of the San Carlos at Naples and La Scala of Milan, and the boards of the Conservatory and the Italian Opera in Paris, are the only recognized cradles and homes. It is true that this style of music is heard in great perfection at her Majesty's theatre in London—its brightest ornaments being lured there by the bribe of immense salaries; but then the audience is wanting. To nine tenths of these who crowd the Italian Opera in London, a selection of Scotch ballads, Irish love songs and English glees, would be a great deal more satisfactory than the sublimest strains of the eloquence of melody, the passion of song, the inspiration of musical expression, which constitute the true Italian Opera.

The voice Mlle Lind is sweet and pretty, as I have said; but it is entirely from her throat. That which is known among the Italians as the *voce di petto*, the *voce del cantare*, and which has been developed and perfected nowhere else but in the Italian school, is not possessed by Jenny Lind. In common with all vocalists in Vienna, Berlin, and Germany, her voice is wholly from the throat or head—and consequently lacks that vibrating, palpitating quality that makes the hearer's heart pant as if he were listening to a Demosthenean bust of eloquence. It

was this that caused Garcia, in 1842, to discourage the aspiration of the ambitious Swedish girl; and it was this that has forever prevented her from appearing in Paris or at the San Carlos in Naples or La Scala in Milan. This was profoundly wise. Wonderful as are her gifts of voice and facilities of execution, at either of these places she would have failed.

Thus, then, we can readily settle the true position of Mlle Lind in New York. Those who know nothing of music particularly and who love to be astonished, will be delighted with her graceful and winning manners, and with the musical pyrotechnics she lets off from her throat; but those who really and truly understand and appreciate the highest form of vocal music, will be disappointed and disenchanted.

Think what you like of this and do what you like with it. But I tell you it is true.

### THE BARBER.

#### Village Aristocracy.

Many are the follies and weaknesses of human nature. But none are more contemptible than those acted out by the scrub aristocrats of our towns and villages. These are to be found in all rotations of life. A mechanic, either has a moderate fortune of \$50 to him, or he marries a few thousand dollars, and forthwith he puts on airs, and assumes an importance perfectly disgusting to all who are acquainted with the circumstances of his "rise and progress," in the world. Such young men regard as beneath their dignity the vocation of their parents, and not unfrequently avoid letting it be known that they sprang from such and such sources. We have met with some who even look upon the vocation of an humble mechanic as beneath the dignity of a gentleman, forgetting, meanwhile, that the taint of the father attaches to the son! Pride of this kind never finds a resting place, save in a weak brain, manifests itself only in a perverse temper.

There are many young men in our towns and villages. (Some young ladies too) who seem to be proud of the wealth of their parents, while their own reputation would be sold by associating with the sons of mechanics! In this strange infatuation it never occurs to them that their fathers made all their property by downright stealing, cheating, and lying, while their grandfathers were sold at public auction in our seaports to pay their passage across the ocean. See the number of young men in our country, who, endowed with scarcely common sense, and no sort of love for genuine republicanism, resort to the study of the learned profession, such as law and medicine, while every mark about them declares, in terms that cannot be misunderstood, that the God of Nature intended them for bricklayers, house-carpenters, and blacksmiths! Many of these ought now to abandon their professions for the profitable and equally honorable fields of labor where their fathers made money enough to educate them, and thus elevate them to stations in which they can never move with grace or ease. God deliver us from the bastard aristocracy of our little villages, and *eat fish* aristocracy of our large towns! Among these, ostentatiousness on society, respectability is based upon the nature of a man's avocation, instead of the manner in which his duties are performed. The only recognized sentiment which will regulate society is in that sound maxim—"Let well thy part, there at the honor lies."

MAN AS HE SHOULD BE.—Why should not every working man be a gentleman in his behavior, and every working woman a lady? Gentleness, or lady-likeness, does not consist in birth, in wealth, or robes, or jewels, or fashionable, or costly clothing. There are those who possess all these, and yet are very unmanly. A gentleman, literally, originally, and properly, signifies a GENTLE man, or one who is humane and kind in his conduct toward all persons, whatever may be their rank, but especially toward those who may in any respect be deemed his inferiors. A proud and haughty monarch, lord, or squire, is not a gentleman. A contemptuous, fastidious, disdainful, arrogant insolent princess or duchess, is not a lady; and does not deserve the name of a woman.

The working classes have generally very distinct ideas of the attributes of ladies and gentlemen.—"He is no gentleman," said an ostler concerning a wealthy squire who had been assuming all sorts of airs about his horse, which had stopped for some hours at the stable, and for which he paid two pence. "My mistress," exclaimed a poor scullery girl: "is no lady for she gives her orders like a vixen, and struts about like a turkey-cock. It's true she has plenty of money and finery, but she does not know how to behave herself to the poor."

On the contrary, we have often heard such words as these: "His lordship is quite a gentleman!" "Mrs. A. is a perfect lady," and the reason assigned in each instance was, "They have no pride and are so very kind to every one!"

Honest, manners, not money or titles, or costly garments, make men gentlemen, and women ladies; and therefore, we ask again, why should not every operative be a gentleman, and every working woman a lady? The distinction is not a property qualification, nor an hereditary right, but a mental and moral accomplishment which all may possess.—Workingman's Friend.

### The Village Lawyer.

M. Pierre Lavalles, owner of a vineyard, near a certain village in the south of France, wedded Mlle. Julie Goucheur. He lived in a pretty house, and when he took his young wife home, he showed her great stores of excellent things, calculated well for the comfortable subsistence of a youthful and worthy couple.

It was seven months after the marriage of M. Pierre Lavalles, M. that Antoine Perron, the Village Lawyer, sat in his little parlour, and gazed with a glad eye upon the cheerful fire, for the short winter was just terminating. Leaning forward in his chair, he shaded his face with his hands, and steadily perused the figures among the coals with a most pleasant countenance. The room was small, neat, and comfortable, for the notary prospered in his humble way, and seeking only comfort, found it, and was content.

Suddenly a violent knocking at the door aroused him from his reverie, and his old servant rushed to open it. In a moment, two persons were ushered into the room, and the notary leaped to his feet in astonishment at the extraordinary scene before him. Had a thunderbolt cloven the roof, and passed through his hearth to its grave in the centre of the globe, or had the trees that nodded their naked branches without the window commenced a dance upon the snowy ground, he had not been more surprised.

Monsieur Lavalles and Madame Lavalles stood just inside the doorway. Never had M. Perron seen them before as he saw them now. Like turtle-doves, with smiling eyes, and affectionate caresses, they had lived in happy harmony during the seven months of their married life, and motherly dames, when they gave their daughters away, bade them prosper and be pleasant in their union, as they had been joyous in their love, pleasant and joyous as neighbours Lavalles and his wife.

Now Pierre stood red and angry, with his right arm extended, gesticulating toward his wife. Julie stood red and angry, with her left arm extended, gesticulating toward her husband. Eyes, that had only radiated smiles, flashed with fierce passion, as the turtle doves remained near the door, each endeavouring to anticipate the other in some address to the worthy notary.

Then the lady, having emphatically declared herself, resigned the right of speech to her husband, who began to jerk out, in disconnected phrases, a statement of his case. Seven days ago he annoyed his wife by some incautious word; she had annoyed him by an incautious answer; he had made matters worse by an aggravating retort; and she had widened the breach by a bitter reply. This little squall was succeeded by a cool calm, and that by a sudden silence, until some sudden friction kindled a new flame, and finally, after successive storms and lulls, there burst forth a furious conflagration, and in the violent collision of their anger, the seven-months married pair vowed to separate, and with that resolve had visited M. Perron. Reconciliation they declared was beyond possibility, and they requested the notary to draw up the documents that should consign them to different homes, to subsist on a divided patrimony, in lawless and unhappy marriage. Each told a tale in turn, and the manner of relation added fuel to the anger of the other. The man and the woman seemed to have leaped out of their nature in the accession of their passion. Pity that a quarrel should ever dilate thus, from a cloud the size of a man's hand to a thunder-storm that covers heaven with its black and dismal canopy.

Neither would listen to reason. The duty of the notary was to prepare the process by which they were to be separated.

"Monsieur," he said, "I will arrange the affair for you; but you are acquainted with the laws of France in this respect?"

"I know nothing of the law," replied M. Pierre Lavalles.

"Madame," said the notary, "your wish shall be complied with. But you know what the law says on this head?"

"I never read a law book," sharply ejaculated Madame Pierre Lavalles.

"Then," resumed the notary, "the case is this. You must return to your house, and I will proceed to settle the proceed-

ings with the Judicatory Court at Paris. They are very strict. You must furnish me with all the documents relative to property."

"I have them here," put in the husband, by way of parenthesis.

"And the whole affair, including correspondence, preparation of instruments, &c., will be settled in less than three months."

"Three months?"

"Three months!" Yes, in less than three months."

"Then I will live with a friend at the village, until it is finished," said Madame Lavalles, in a decided, peremptory tone, usual with ladies when they are a little ashamed of themselves—or any one else.

"Oh, very well, Madame—oh, very well."

"Not at all well, Madame; not at all well, Monsieur," said the notary, with a solid, immovable voice. "You must live as usual. If you doubt my knowledge of the law, you will, by reading through these seven books, find that this fact is specified."

But the irritated couple were not disposed to undertake the somniferous task, and shortly left the house, as they had come, walking the same way, but at a distance of a yard or so one from another.

Two months and twenty-seven days had passed, when the notary issued from his house, and proceeded toward the house where Monsieur and Madame Lavalles dwelt.

A demoiselle ushered him into a little parlour, where Monsieur and Madame Lavalles had just sat down to breakfast.

The husband and wife sat side by side, with pleasant looks, and so engaged in light and amiable conversation that they hardly noticed the entrance of the notary. The storm had vanished and left no trace. Flushes of anger, flashes of spite, quick breathings, and disordered looks—all these had passed, and now smiles, and eyes lit only with kindness, and bosoms beating with calm content, and looks all full of love, were alone to be observed.

When M. Antoine Perron entered, they started, at length, and then, collecting his mission, blushed crimson, looking one at another, and then at the ground, awaiting his address.

"Monsieur and Madame," said the notary, "according to your desire I come with all the documents necessary for your separation, and the division of your property. They only want your signature, and we will call in your servant to be witness."

"Stay," exclaimed Madame Julie, laughing at her husband; "Pierre, explain to M. Perron."

"Ah, Monsieur Perron," said Monsieur Pierre Lavalles, we had forgotten that, and hoped you had also. Say not a word of it to any one."

"No, not a word," said Madame Julie. "We never quarrelled but once since we married, and we never mean to quarrel again."

"Not unless you provoke it," said Monsieur Lavalles, audaciously. "But M. Perron, you will take breakfast with us?"

"You're a wicked wretch," said Madame Julie, tapping him on the cheek. "After breakfast, M. Perron, we will sign the papers."

"After breakfast," said M. Pierre Lavalles, we will burn them."

"We shall see," said the notary. "Sign them or burn them, Madame Julie Lavalles, your coffee is charming."

After seven months' harmony, do not let seven days' quarrel destroy the happiness of home. Do not follow the directions of a person in a passion. Allow him to cool and consider his purpose.

"THOU SHALT KEEP HOLY THE SABBATH DAY."—We see it stated that a gentleman and his sister, residents of Maunee, who had just returned from the south, were invited to take passage from Buffalo on board the steamer Griffith, the Captain offering as an inducement, to remit the fare. They declined, however, on account of their unwillingness to travel on the Sabbath, that being the day on which the ill-fated boat left Buffalo on her last trip. This is not the only instance in which worthy people have been saved by the wise determination not to forsake principle. A much esteemed lady, resident in Rochester, then in Buffalo, was upon the point of accepting an invitation to accompany a friend who took passage on the Griffith; but found herself unable to overcome scruples against breaking the Sabbath and declined the kind offer. She was thus saved to her children and friends, while the lady who gave the invitation was lost with the great multitude who went to sea in that ship.

The Montgomery (Ala.) Atlas of the 26th inst. says: "A large number of the most respectable citizens of Cahawba have petitioned the Governor to assemble the Legislature, for the purpose of taking into consideration the proper course to be pursued by our State in the present juncture of affairs."

## [BY REQUEST]

From the Columbia Telegraph.

THE VACANCY ON THE CHANCERY BENCH.—We heartily concur in the nomination which has been made by a writer in the *Frisfield Herald*, whose communication we annex. It is not necessary that we should say anything as to the peculiar fitness and qualifications of Mr. DeSaussure for the office of Chancellor, or of the considerations which enhance his claims. We need only refer to his professional attainments, and peers in proof of his legal qualifications, and prerequisites; and to all who know him, for evidence that his character both private and professional, combines all the elements which should be regarded in filling the higher judicial offices of a State that has always watched with jealous care over the purity of the Ermine. The friends of Mr. DeSaussure would rest his claims on no other consideration than the fact that he has given abundant evidence in his life and career that he is not only qualified thoroughly to fill, but to adorn and illustrate the position for which he has been nominated. The following is the article from the *Herald*:

THE ELECTION OF A CHANCELLOR.—Mr. Editor: By the death of the late Chancellor James J. Caldwell, the duty of filling his vacant seat on the Chancery Bench will devolve on the Legislature in December next, and it may not be amiss to call public attention to the subject at once, inasmuch as it is hardly second in magnitude to any trust which that body will have to discharge.

Our system of Equity is daily growing in importance, and it is a source of pride to such of the profession as have made it their study to know that it is also rapidly and justly increasing in popularity. That it may continue to advance in favor, and that it may be investigated and developed in all its great and comprehensive excellence, those alone should be called to administer it who have the very first elevation of character, learning and intellect, combined with courtesy, patience, perseverance and experience. We are happy in having such gentlemen now in the occupancy of the Equity department of our Judiciary, and know as one who would carry to their aid in a greater degree the essential qualifications of a Chancellor. I have mentioned, I believe, William F. DeSaussure, Esq., of the Columbia bar.

Respectfully, therefore, present his name to public consideration as a gentleman altogether worthy of advancement to the responsible dignity of a Chancellor, in whose promotion the State would secure a very able, pure and fearless judicial functionary, and the Equity branch be eminently illustrated. MIDDLE COUNTRY.

## Over-Cropping.

This is the leading vice of Agriculture in this portion of the Southern States. The small and neat farm—that is, the farm small enough in all its arrangements for the management of the force which cultivates it—the "angel's visit" of Southern husbandry. One meets with but few such farms, and meets with them far apart. Instead of farms where every thing appears in complete order and arrangement, one often meets with these widely-spread tumble-downs, where disorder and derangement are tumbled together in every variety of condition; and this arises principally from over-cropping. The maxim of agriculture, that the productions of the earth must ever be in proportion to the tillage, seems generally to be neglected, or not known in this part of the State; for, to frame a maxim from the system mostly pursued, the productions of the earth are in proportion to the quantity of surface to which the appearance of tillage can be given. In every department of agriculture our whole section of the State is in a condition of comparative infancy. Can it be said that the production of any article is carried up to the capability of the soil and climate? The Farmer who throws into the shape of cultivation, a wide surface which he merely plows and hoes, while his mind is as free as vacancy from any thought about the nature of the soil, which he takes as nature gives it, and of the different circumstances of climate that may weary his labor and shorten his crops through the distance of some rural deficiency in the soil, or in the system of culture, may say he raises what he consumes, and sometimes what he sells; but he owes to God more thanks for a good season than he owes to himself for the exercise of skill and judgment. To obtain as much as possible from the number of acres one man can cultivate, is to cultivate no more than may be made to yield the most profitable quantity it is capable of yielding, should be strictly regarded by every farmer as the worst object of his study and his labor; for the best course of preparation, the best adaptation of soil which the manuevers of cultivation can oppose to the vicissitudes of climate, and the perfect quantity and best quality of that quantity per acre, must remain unknown and unimproved until we become content to cultivate less space, and to exert in the process more practical science and experimental knowledge. A heavy crop from a high state of fertility and cultivation is always the only advantageous one. It shows the skill and industry properly applied of the farmer who produces. It shows the practicable extent of agricultural development. In short, it is an example creditable and profitable to him who exhibits it—worthy of imitation and rivalry, and highly beneficial to the agriculture of the State. No farmer to whom the kind of a heavy crop; it is a real benefit and source of much pleasure. But a crop which is heavy because it occupies a greater number of acres than the cultivator can manage, under a system of culture thoroughly adapted, is commonly no better than the willful cultivator of such, deserves to have.—*Mobile Herald and Tribune*.

It is now more than thirty years since a spirit of hostility to the institutions and power of the South has been openly manifested amongst the Northern people. At first, no larger than a man's hand, it has continued to spread and widen, until now the whole horizon is overcast. Under its influence the holiest ties have been severed,—it has entered the temples of the most high, and attempted in the holy name of religion to perpetrate the most revolting frauds. With its increase of power and influence,—with its growth in wealth and numbers, it has displayed new zeal in wrong doing, until now it threatens to destroy our liberty, and overthrow the very basis of society itself. The Constitution of the United States which was formed for the protection of the rights of the people of all the States has been disregarded by a majority of the representatives in Congress, and serves now irrevocably a cover from which a reckless and irresponsible majority design to make new assaults on the rights of the minority. Judging from the late action of Congress, we can only look forward in resistance or to the abolition of slavery sooner or later, throughout the South. These are the alternatives between which the South must now choose. That choice is to be made in a few weeks, and the sun will grow down on the day set apart for the election of delegates in Georgia, will have seen a mighty political question solved that ever before engaged her people. An ever diversity of views may exist among the people, with regard to the measures of redress, the Convention should adopt, we apprehend that there is but little dissent among them, either with regard to the wrongs perpetrated, or the necessity for some resistance, whatever it may be. What this resistance should be, as we have said before, the Legislature has wisely submitted to the people to determine. And if the State will not adopt the only remedy, we regard as adequate to reform the government, we will go for any thing that her sons in their sovereign capacity, in Convention may recommend, always excepting a tame and cowardly submission.

For our own part we believe the issue is resistance of some sort, or abolition. Disguise it as we may, this solemn question we cannot evade.—All experience goes to show that acquiescence in aggressions but leads to new demands. The South may fairly ascribe the difficulties by which she is at present beset, to such measures as the yielding in the formation of the Constitution, her proper numerical ratio, and the subsequent concessions contained in the ordinance of 87, and the Missouri Compromise. She has been yielding until she has but little left to part with. She has been dearly taught, that nothing is as absorbing as power. If more is given more will be required of her, and let every man have it well impressed on his mind that to oppose resistance now will be but to invite new aggressions. Who is ready to counsel a State which has defied federal aggressions in every form, and defended her honor, as with walls of oak, by Southern hearts and Southern arms, to alter in this emergency and vanish in a breath? Is there an old man or young man, native or adopted, with the spirit of a man in him who is ready for it? God forbid!

And now people of Georgia, where are you, and what are you going to do? The Legislature and the Executive have done their duty, and will you hesitate to do yours? Will you back them in their endeavors to check the aggressions of your foes, or shall a voice go up from your borders, which, while it records your wrongs, will be a deep and lasting memorial of your disgrace. This solemn responsibility you cannot evade. Georgia must either act, or rack out and plunge in utter darkness.—*Georgia Telegraph*.

ONE OF MARION'S MEN.—The Greenville (Tennessee) Spy informs us that Azariah Doty, who resides nine miles north of Greenville, is one hundred and five years old. He served in the revolutionary war under General Marion, and is the oldest relic of those immortal times in East Tennessee. He enjoys fine health, and a remarkable degree of spirits. Only one heavy misfortune has attended his age, and that is the entire loss of the power of vision. Otherwise he is an active sprightly monument of other generations.

The Convention. We published in last week's paper, the Proclamation of Governor Towns, calling a Convention of the people in pursuance of an act of the last Legislature, passed by an almost unanimous vote. The occasion which has made it necessary for the Governor to issue this Proclamation, is one that comes home to every Southern man, it affects his honor, his life, his equality, his property,—it touches the peace and safety of his friends, and the happiness of his family and home. We will therefore state some good reasons why the object for which the Convention meets should be fully and cordially responded to by every Georgian, whether native or adopted.

It is now more than thirty years since a spirit of hostility to the institutions and power of the South has been openly manifested amongst the Northern people. At first, no larger than a man's hand, it has continued to spread and widen, until now the whole horizon is overcast. Under its influence the holiest ties have been severed,—it has entered the temples of the most high, and attempted in the holy name of religion to perpetrate the most revolting frauds. With its increase of power and influence,—with its growth in wealth and numbers, it has displayed new zeal in wrong doing, until now it threatens to destroy our liberty, and overthrow the very basis of society itself. The Constitution of the United States which was formed for the protection of the rights of the people of all the States has been disregarded by a majority of the representatives in Congress, and serves now irrevocably a cover from which a reckless and irresponsible majority design to make new assaults on the rights of the minority. Judging from the late action of Congress, we can only look forward in resistance or to the abolition of slavery sooner or later, throughout the South. These are the alternatives between which the South must now choose. That choice is to be made in a few weeks, and the sun will grow down on the day set apart for the election of delegates in Georgia, will have seen a mighty political question solved that ever before engaged her people. An ever diversity of views may exist among the people, with regard to the measures of redress, the Convention should adopt, we apprehend that there is but little dissent among them, either with regard to the wrongs perpetrated, or the necessity for some resistance, whatever it may be. What this resistance should be, as we have said before, the Legislature has wisely submitted to the people to determine. And if the State will not adopt the only remedy, we regard as adequate to reform the government, we will go for any thing that her sons in their sovereign capacity, in Convention may recommend, always excepting a tame and cowardly submission.

For our own part we believe the issue is resistance of some sort, or abolition. Disguise it as we may, this solemn question we cannot evade.—All experience goes to show that acquiescence in aggressions but leads to new demands. The South may fairly ascribe the difficulties by which she is at present beset, to such measures as the yielding in the formation of the Constitution, her proper numerical ratio, and the subsequent concessions contained in the ordinance of 87, and the Missouri Compromise. She has been yielding until she has but little left to part with. She has been dearly taught, that nothing is as absorbing as power. If more is given more will be required of her, and let every man have it well impressed on his mind that to oppose resistance now will be but to invite new aggressions. Who is ready to counsel a State which has defied federal aggressions in every form, and defended her honor, as with walls of oak, by Southern hearts and Southern arms, to alter in this emergency and vanish in a breath? Is there an old man or young man, native or adopted, with the spirit of a man in him who is ready for it? God forbid!

And now people of Georgia, where are you, and what are you going to do? The Legislature and the Executive have done their duty, and will you hesitate to do yours? Will you back them in their endeavors to check the aggressions of your foes, or shall a voice go up from your borders, which, while it records your wrongs, will be a deep and lasting memorial of your disgrace. This solemn responsibility you cannot evade. Georgia must either act, or rack out and plunge in utter darkness.—*Georgia Telegraph*.

ONE OF MARION'S MEN.—The Greenville (Tennessee) Spy informs us that Azariah Doty, who resides nine miles north of Greenville, is one hundred and five years old. He served in the revolutionary war under General Marion, and is the oldest relic of those immortal times in East Tennessee. He enjoys fine health, and a remarkable degree of spirits. Only one heavy misfortune has attended his age, and that is the entire loss of the power of vision. Otherwise he is an active sprightly monument of other generations.

THE FARMER AND PLANTER for October 1850 has been received.